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which grips your throat and chest, and a hacking cough which feels like a dry burning of the tissues, will receive instantaneous relief by a dose of



It acts as a soothing demulcent on your parched and irritated membrane.

It never fails to check the most severe cough, and, properly used, it will permanently cure the most obstinate one.

25 cts. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

The SCOTCH WHISKY chosen by the Red Cross Society, London, for use by the invalided troops and hospitals in South Africa, is the famous WHITE HORSE CELLAR brand of MacKie & Co., Distillers, Limited, Islay and Glasgow, one of the oldest firms in the trade. In intimation of this, Messrs MacKie, with usual generosity, presented 200 cases free of charge, and shipped them by first steamer to the Cape.

One of the family is a volunteer in the Imperial Yeomanry, and on his way now to the Cape. It is hoped that he may give a good account of himself.

THE ABOVE MENTIONED BRAND IS FOR SALE AT JOHN MCKENNA, Queen Street.

The Relief of Ladysmith

The book "The Relief of Ladysmith and How it was Celebrated in Charlottetown" will be on sale in the city bookstores this (Saturday) evening. It is a souvenir of that historic and memorable event which should be in the hands of all.

See it at the Bookstores. PRICE 10 CENTS.

WANT KIDS

To come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

BRISCOLL and HORNBY QUEEN STREET

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

"Watermere" the house of the Hon. George W. Howland. Possession given the first of May next. D. C. McLEOD. Charlottetown, March 31st, 1900. 211. 11.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

It was only one of the four occupants of the room who, that evening, was conscious of this vague sense of something wanting. If it had been possible for the others to feel it, the void could not have existed.

A group of four, sitting at ease, with very little of the air of expectancy usual to the waiting minutes before dinner. The hostess reclined in a wide easy-chair beside one of the bay windows. She was a large, languid woman, elegantly dressed, but possessing in her handsome face that great want which all her house held. She had three claims to individuality, and three only—a fine figure, a great ambition, and an overweening pride in her only child. And Mrs. Trent was performing her own peculiar mission as she sat smiling upon her daughter and her guests, and bringing in, at every opportunity, dainty allusions to her titled acquaintances. In the corner of a small couch near her reclined her daughter Theodora, leaning forward gracefully from the cushions, while her long skirts of green satin lay in rich folds upon the white rug. Her hair, of pale brown, was dressed high upon her head, as was the fashion of that year, and a butterfly of gold and emeralds shone with almost dazzling lustre among the plaits above her temple. Her features were clearly cut and regular, like her mother's, and her eyes were of the same light blue, but her lips were still more laughing in their curves, and even a little colder in their rest. A handsome woman undeniably was Theodora Trent, yet in her faultless features that guest, to whom her face is turned so often, sees that one vague deficiency which is about him always in this house.

Upon the rug, with his elbow on the chimney-piece, and the fingers of one hand toying with his silky, pale moustache and whiskers, lounged Captain Hervey Trent, nephew of his hostess and the husband selected for his only daughter—not simply because he was so sure to inherit old Myddelton's money, but because he was in every way suitable for a son-in-law. Handsome and elegant, he graced society, and would add to her daughter's popularity; easy and indolent, he would not be likely to rebel against the will of a mother-in-law.

Decidedly Captain Trent was a handsome man. There never was heard a dissentient voice when that fact was asserted, while no one was more thoroughly aware of the truth than Captain Hervey Trent himself.

He was twenty-five—his cousin Theodora's age exactly—and boasted the regular features and blue eyes which characterized the Trents; he stood five feet ten in his boots, and measured the approved number of inches across the shoulders, and, beyond all this, he possessed equally the power, and the time, and the inclination to dress to the very perfection of what he termed "good form." He was a man with a musical, passionate voice, and white, listless hands, able to bear with no unhandy grace the burden of himself and the boredom which surrounded him, and to go through life as a gentleman



photographers and type-writers. If every young woman would take the right care of her distinctly maidenly self, this complaint would never be heard. The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate feminine organs is unfitted for her duties, either in the house or in the office. Young unmarried women, especially, do not like to confide their troubles of this nature to their home doctor. They shudder at the thought of the examinations and local applications to which they may have to submit. These are entirely unnecessary, and all letters addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., are held in the most sacred confidence. Dr. Pierce has been for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., one of the greatest medical institutions in the world. His neighbors made him congressman and he was a personal friend of the martyr-president. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs of femininity, upon which depend a young woman's health. Honest druggists don't substitute.

"I have recommended your 'Favorite Prescription' to a great many of my friends, and there has not been a single lady who used it, but was cured by it. It is the best medicine for females I have ever taken. I tried four doctors and they did me no good. They said I was bound to die; thus writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd County, Georgia.

A bad business head and a bad working body are the results of biliousness and constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure cure for these ailments. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative, two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. At medicine stores.

should who rightly understands the exigencies of "good form," and can utterly ignore so vulgar an abstract idea as emotion.

A great contrast to her nephew, was the one guest whom Mrs. Trent entertained this evening—so great a contrast to them all, indeed, that not for years were they to comprehend the untraced heights and unsounded depths of a nature such as his. Nineteen women out of twenty would unhesitatingly have pronounced Captain Hervey Trent the handsomer man of the two; not one woman out of twenty could have lavished on Hervey Trent one tithé of the thought and curiosity and admiration which were won from them—sometimes even against their will—by Royden Keith.

We have seen him before in the evening dusk at Abbotsmoor. Theodora Trent had seen him before, but his face was still a riddle to her, as it had been from the first, and as it was still to be. It was a grave face when at rest, with its strange mixture of power and patience—a face full of deep and concentrated thought, but with never a shade of gloom upon it, or trivial fretfulness; a face that could be only brave and fearless, whether shadowed by what depth of thought, or brightened by the rare smile which Theodora tried to provoke. Its skin was so browned by the sun, the moustache and the short hair were so thick and dark, the lashes so long, and the teeth so white, that many took Royden Keith for a native of Southern Spain or Italy. But that idea vanished after the first few moments, and most especially when he spoke. Though puzzled a little now and then by the trace of foreign travel, no one could help being struck by what was essentially English in him; the straightforward glance of his eyes, clear-judging and far-seeing, and the voice, which, whether ringing to anger, falling to quiet irony, or softening to pathos, was despite an accent or an idiom, picked up unconsciously in foreign lands, most thoroughly English.

He was sitting opposite Mrs. Trent, his elbow on a table near the couch on which she sat. She looked up from him to Captain Trent, and down to him again. Even her unobtrusive eyes were puzzled by the difference in the attitudes of the two young men; and she turned for the last time from her cousin's laughing form, and the slow motion of his hands, to the tall, well-knit figure which, though full of strength and activity, was yet capable of an ease and stillness almost remarkable.

"And can you really mean, Mr. Keith," she said, dropping her fingers on a cabinet portrait of herself which lay upon the table beside her, "that you have never been photographed before?"

"Why 'before'?" asked Royden, extending his hand for the picture.

"After all, I am rather glad," she mused, smilingly; "because now your first photograph will be taken with us."

"How will that happen, Miss Trent?" "I will tell you," she answered, watching his face as he examined the portrait. "On the day of our picnic at Abbotsmoor, a little French photographer, who lives in Statton, is to be there with his camera and take us all, with the old mansion for a background. Now you see why I am glad that will be your first portrait."

"Hardly," Mr. Keith said this quietly, as he bent over the picture, and Theodora looked in vain for a smile.

"Interesting scene," remarked Captain Hervey, raising his blue eyes slowly from the rug; "Lady Lawrence requires the picture, I believe; at any rate, she has proposed it through her lawyer. The dramatic personae are to be old Myddelton's relations, and the scene his ruinous estate. An elegant group and cheerful surroundings—eh, Mr. Keith?"

"I do not know all old Mr. Myddelton's relations."

"You know the chief of them, Mr. Keith," Theodora answered, unconscious of the vanity of her words, and of the smile which accompanied them; "and you shall see them on Thursday at Abbotsmoor. You will not be too proud to be photographed among them, will you?"

"Without being one of the family, ought I to be included in the picture?"

There was an intonation that baffled Theodora, and she looked up un-
"Certainly; I shall insist."

She said this with her sweetest smile, and a certain manner which many young ladies of the present age affect—a gracious condescension and self-assertion which, in the last century, it would have taken a middle-aged matron of the highest society to make bearable, but which now is chosen and assumed by many who, while they speak with open contempt of their fast or unfashionable sisters, fail to see where they themselves have overstepped the lily-bordered path of fresh and simple girlhood.

"One other member of old Myddelton's family you will see here to-night, Mr. Keith," remarked Mrs. Trent, in a tone which seemed to treat his leni-

ency for the person of whom she spoke; "she is a niece of mine and cousin of my daughter's; though she belongs to quite the other side of the house"—on that "quite" Mrs. Trent laid a deliberate emphasis. "We like to ask her here occasionally to show her a little society. She is a grown-up girl now, and not unpresentable; so I do all I can for her, and allow her as close an intercourse with my daughter as my daughter chooses to admit."

"Poor little Honor," added "my daughter," with a laugh of particular complaisance. "She is a thorough Craven, as was—"

"A thorough coward?" Royden asked, when she so abruptly paused.

"Oh, Mr. Keith," laughed Theodora, pleasantly, "you know what I mean. At least, you do not know, of course. Why should you be expected to know anything about old Myddelton's family? But this is how it is. Old Mr. Myddelton, you must understand, had one brother and one sister, both a good deal younger than himself. The brother married a Miss Craven—quite a portionless girl—and the sister married very well. She did not agree with her brother as a young girl, and went out with a friend to India, where she married Sir Hervey Lawrence, a very rich old baronet of an excellent family. This marriage pleased her brother immensely."

"Had neither brother nor sister any children?"

(To be continued.)

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Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?

Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroaders as "railroad kidney."

The first and most marked symptom is a weak, lame and aching back. You may think at first that you are only tired; but as this trouble increases day by day, kidney disease, with all its terrors, is fast claiming you as a victim.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Alton, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my friend, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, called WHITE LINIMENT, &c., liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

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